

A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM



75¢

47821

NO. 5

APRIL

1974

T.M.

ZOMBIE RISE OUT OF
THEY TOMB
AND DIE AGAIN!





THE HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS

the weirdest
most exciting
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HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS
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appear in all the HORROR-MOOD publications
en' wait'll you

see the blockbuster character
being created expressly for our
upcoming fourth magazine

TOMB OF HORROR

you gotta SEE
'IT'
to BELIEVE
'IT'

SCREAM



SCREAM

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —
NUMBER 5 APRIL 1974

...in this issue...

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EMILIO FONT AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

CESAR LOPEZ EDGAR ALLAN POE

RICARDO VILLAMONTE OSCAR WILDE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE

DEATH
BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE
TOMB OF ANNE

THE CONQUEROR WORM
AND THE HAUNTED PALACE

SHIFT: VAMPIRE

THE CASE OF AMONTILLADO

THE PICTURE
OF DORIAN GRAY

ARE
YOU
DEAD
YET?



OF THE
MANSE

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE

CHAPTER 2

WRITTEN BY ALAN HOWESOOD ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLARROTE



DAWN IS CRACKING. I
CAN AGAIN SPEAK
TO YOU IN
THE FEW MINUTES
BEFORE I RETIRE TO MY CRYPT
FOR THE DAY, THAT DREAD
MAUSOLEUM WITHOUT WHICH
I WOULD DNE
COME THE
RISING SUN... FOR
I AM A VAMPIRE IN
THE GREATEST, GRANDEST
TRADITION--AND THESE ARE
MY TALES, MEANT NOT TO
ENTERTAIN, NO TO EDUCATE
AND WARN ANY OF YOU SO
INCLINED TO EMULATE

ME...

I LIVE A LONELY,
WRETCHED LIFE--
AN UNHAPPY AND
MISERABLE
EXISTENCE THAT
BEGAN
CENTURIES AGO...





...WHEN I WAS "BORN" I
DIDN'T THINK TOO MUCH
ABOUT MY POWERS...I DID
NOT HAVE ABNORMAL
LUSTS OR
CRAWINGS...



...THE NORMAL DESIRES I
HAD WERE FOR FRIENDS AND MON-
EY...I DESIRED SO MUCH AN
ENTRY INTO THE BIG CITY
EXISTENCE I HAD SO LONG BEEN
DENIED...I WANTED TO LEAVE THE
COUNTRY DESPERATELY...

...I TRAVELED TO BARCELONA--WHICH IN THOSE OLD DAYS WAS SOMEWHAT A MECCA FOR SPANISH
SOCIETY...I ARRIVED WITH ONLY PENNIES IN MY POCKET, BUT IT SEEMED NOT TO MATTER MUCH, FOR
I WAS YOUNG AND HANDSOME, AND RICHLY DRESSED, AND THEREFORE ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION
AMONGS THE RICH...



THAT--PLUS A STRANGE
HYPNOTIC POWER I
POSSESSED...GRANTED ME
ENTRY INTO THE MIDST
OF THE RICH...



COME, YOUNG
MAN, I WANT
YOU TO MEET MY
NIECE,
IRABELLA...

SEÑOR...

...MAY I
HAVE
YOUR NEXT
DANCE,
SEÑORITA?

...SO IT WAS I CAME TO DANCE WITH ALL THE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES OF THE DAY...



...BUT I MET MY LOVE IN AN ENTIRELY UNIQUE WAY... SWIMMING IN A RIVER...



SEÑOR--YOU ARE STANDING ON MY CLOTHES--ARE YOU NOT A GENTLEMAN?

WHAT FASHION-ABLE GENTLELADY GOES SWIMMING IN THE NUDE?

PLEASE TURN AWAY, GIRL, WHILE I DRESS...



...AND SO IT WAS I CAME TO ROMANCE ALL THE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES...



VERY WELL--BUT I STILL DESIRE TO KNOW YOUR NAME...

IT IS MARIA DURAN DE CARDONA...

WELL, MARI--WHEN YOU ARE DRESSED, WILL YOU WALK WITH ME...

...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, SEÑOR?



...SO I
MET MY
ONE AND
ONLY LOVE...
MARIA...

WHO ARE
YOU, SEÑOR?

YOU MAY CALL
ME "KISS ME"...

...THE
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE
ON THE FACE
OF THE
EARTH...

SEÑOR?...
THAT'S A NAME?...
KISS ME?...
KISS ME?...
KISS ME?...
KISS ME...

SEÑOR...

...W-WHAT
AN UNUSUAL
N-NAME...

...SEÑOR
KISS ME...

...WITH OUR FIRST KISS
WE FELL IN LOVE...

...AND WITH OUR SECOND KISS
WE FELL EVEN DEEPER IN LOVE...

...SOON WE WERE THE "TOAST OF
BARCELONA"... ALL SOCIETY WAS
MAGNETIZED BY OUR GREAT CHARM
TOGETHER--IT BECAME OBVIOUS
BEFORE LONG WE'D BE WED AND
WE WERE ON EVERYONE'S LIPS AS
THE WEDDING PARTY OF THE YEAR...
MARIA AND I WERE SO DEEPLY IN
LOVE...THOSE WERE THE HAPPIEST
DAYS OF MY LIFE...





YES...I
HEARD IT
ALL...



...ELOPE WITH ME,
MARIA...

...BUT YOU LOVE
ME...HE IS DENYING YOUR
LOVE...OUR LOVE...

...WHY DIDN'T I
TELL YOU WHAT?

...IS IT SO
IMPORTANT?

...ELOPE?
NO...I MUST RESPECT
MY FATHER'S WISHES...

WHY...WHY
DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME?...?

ABOUT YOUR
BACKGROUND...
ABOUT HAVING
NO MONEY?

YES!



...AND WHEN SHE WAS DRAINED OF HER BLOOD
...WHEN HER LIFE-FLUIDS SWEEPED THROUGH MY
VEINS--I PAUSED TO REFLECT--FOR A MOMENT
SAME AGAIN--AND I WAS **DISGUSTED** WITH MY
SELF--I HAD ROBBED THE LIFE OF ONE MORE
PRECIOUS TO ME THAN MY OWN LIFE--I HAD
LOVED HER AND MOMENTS LATER **HATED** HER
AND **MURDERED** HER...



...I WALKED AWAY FROM
MARIA WITH A FOREBODING
OF WHAT LIFE I MIGHT
EXPECT WOULD FOLLOW--
VICIOUS, MINDLESS ATTACKS
ON POOR, INNOCENT GIRLS...
UNSATISFACTORY LUSTINGS
AND BLOOD CRAVINGS... I
WOULD BE A VAMPIRE FOR
EVER UGLY AND FOREVER
SELF-DEBASING... MURDERING
BY NIGHT AND SLEEPING THE
DAY AWAY IN FILTHY CRYPTS...



...I REALIZED THAT DAY
WHAT I HAD **PERMITTED MYSELF**
TO BECOME--AND I HAD NOT
THE **FORTITUDE TO COMMIT**
SUICIDE...

...THUS, IN MINDLESS DESPAIR, I DID DECIDE TO LOATHE MYSELF...TO HATE MY LIFE AND EVERYTHING ABOUT IT... I WAS AN INSIGNIFICANT PERSON... BORN INSIGNIFICANT AND DESTINED TO BE FOREVER UNIMPORTANT AND MEDIOCRE--I HATED MYSELF...AND THEN I REMEMBERED, IN MY MADNESS, THAT WHICH I HAD FORGOTTEN, IN MY FEW MONTHS OF SANITY...MY POWERS...



...MARIA...
MY LOVE
WAS MY
FIRST VICTIM...
MY
GREATEST
VICTIM...
I HATED-
LOATHED
HER...



...I
MURDERED
HER
WITH MORE
DELIGHT
AND
SATISFACTION
THAN I
HAVE
EVER
KNOWN
IN MY
LIFE...





...AND WHEN SHE WAS DRAINED OF HER BLOOD... WHEN HER LIFE FLUIDS SWEEPED THROUGH MY VEINS--I PAUSED TO REFLECT--FOR A MOMENT GONE AGAIN--AND I WAS **DISGUSTED** WITH MYSELF--I HAD **ROBBED** THE LIFE OF ONE MORE PRECIOUS TO ME THAN MY OWN LIFE--I HAD **LOVED** HER AND MOMENTS LATER **HATED** HER AND **MURDERED** HER...



...I WALKED AWAY FROM MARIA WITH A **FOREBODING** OF WHAT LIFE I MIGHT EXPECT WOULD FOLLOW--**VICIOUS, MINDLESS ATTACKS ON POOR, INNOCENT GIRLS... UNSATISFACTORY LUSTINGS AND BLOOD CRAVINGS...** I WOULD BE A **VAMPIRE** FOR-**EVER** UGLY AND **FOREVER** SELF-**DEBASING...** **MURDERING** BY NIGHT AND **SLEEPING** THE DAY AWAY IN **FILTHY CRYPTS...**



...I REALIZED THAT DAY WHAT I HAD **PERMITTED** MYSELF TO **BECOME**--AND I HAD NOT THE **FORTITUDE** TO **COMMIT** **SUICIDE...**



"...THE NEXT TIME WE VISIT I'LL TELL YOU THE DEBAUCHERIES THAT FOLLOWED THE DEATH OF MY MARIA..."



"...MARIA...
THE THOUGHT
OF HER
BRINGS
BACK SUCH
HAPPY FOND
MEMORIES OF
THE ONLY WOMAN
I EVER LOVED..."

"...SHE WAS SO...
...SO BEAUTIFUL...
...SO WONDERFUL..."



"...AND I
DESTROYED
HER..."

"I MURDERED
HER...
I, VAMPIRE..."



A CORRUPT COLLECTION OF LUNATIC LETTERS FROM THE MACABRE BUREAU MAILBAG

... we begin with a very special letter from GORDON GUY, president of the NEW ENGLAND COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY, in East Hartford, Connecticut ...

"... Gethse Gratings Archelo Al and Fallow Furysvats of Putrescence — wa, of the perverse persuasion, after many years of delving through off-white pages of newsprint upon which have been graven illustrated horrors of every description, we first come to recognize a blandness and redundancy in the corpse of these Magazines, and thus we realize we have become jaded. Often the successful magazines of this genre refuse to grow up with its readership and most of us being compatriots suffer through constant reprints of past stories as we spend our money to maintain a complete collection. It becomes a honor worth depicting in a SKYWALD HORROR-MOCO PUBLICATION ...

... It is therefore a chill wind of new breath that your NIGHTMARE AND PSYCHO magazines infuse in our midnight reading hours. The scripts are imaginative, the artwork more than sufficient, but I feel the greatest asset is one of atmosphere. Both publications actually possess a 'horror-mood' which manifests itself in the knowledgeable, intelligent introductions to the

stories; and in the marginalia that accompany the stories. The stories are well researched, the artwork is bold and honest (people with brains in your stories also have nipples — which is not only honest, but natural) ...

... I have become an avid reader of NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO, and with the enclosed check I hope to become a collector of same. As President of the COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND I have recommended both publications to all our members, and I intend to review them in a future issue of our quarterly ..."

- Thanks Gruesome Gord, for the kind words about PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, and we EAGERLY await your review ... which we hope also mentions SCREAM, our third MAGAZINE, which is even MORE GHASTLY than the other two — CRIME MACHINE

... a letter from GEORGE DIEZEL of Wood Dale Illinois, on the matter of crime comics, reminiscing over SKYWALD'S CRIME MACHINE ...

"... I have always been a faithful fan of both NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO. They're the best in the field which is my reason for writing you. I've also been a comic fan in general for a



THE COMICS OPINION

OF
AUGUSTIN FUNNELL

... meet-bein' author of the MONSTER MONSTER SAGA ...

For every hundred comics sold, only ten are purchased by fans, and considering the overall economic picture of the comic market here, as opposed to readers, are not too important. You'll find very few fans who will bring you to task on this point. However, in another vein, fans are very, very important. It is the fan, and not the majority amateur reader who can tell you what script Fedory wrote and which one was scribbled by Hewerton without looking at the credit list. The true study comics and they are avid collectors—at least in word cases. The fans then, irascibly, much nothing, but is the professional they mean a good deal because they are the only ones who will appreciate him and his work.

That brings us to Funnell, those publications dedicated to the professional to let him know how appreciated he is ... or isn't, on the case may be. And that brings me to the point of this comic opinion—fan attitude. (Note: From this point on, when I use the word fan [id] or something [id] I am referring to the majority, not all fans.)

If you pick up almost any average fanzine, what will you find? Articles and praise for the professionals? Articles and pickpicks for the pros? Not You'll find articles and praise for fans. Fans! Not the people who made and make the market what it is today, but the people who generate an approximate 1% of the readership!

Fans today praise after fans. This is fine, but not when it is at the expense of the professional—which is exactly what's happening. Fans are ignoring the importance of the professional. Praise for one fan from another is necessary and has its place, but that place is not, I repeat, not before the praise for the professional.

Now before anyone accuses me of being fondism (which I don't), I'll make my single point. Any professional, whether his name is Hama (step, O'Neil Smith, Dike, or Archie Barker) is more important than any fan. Why? Because it's the pro who's doing the entertaining! It's the pro who deserves the credit—not the fan who only reads what the pro does. If the fan was worthy of the professional's praise, he'd damn well be a pro!

Fans have forgotten their roots. They've forgotten who the real heroes are. In a word, fans have become arrogant. And this is a shame ... because fans are the only ones who truly appreciate the professional ... or at least, used to appreciate him. Something has gone sour ... very sour.

This opinion might cost me future fans. But I just one fan realize that he owes everything he is to dedicated, hard-working people who are constantly striving for quality and excellence, well ... this opinion has served its purpose.

... the opinions presented in COMICS OPINION are the opinions of the credited author and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the editor or publisher

OUR BLOODSHOT EYES ARE ON YOU!

... our bloodshot eyes are on your coupons, telling us what you like and dislike about each issue — the best way for us to continuously entertain you is for you to TELL us ... mail this coupon today for a better HORROR-MOOD future ...

my favorite story this issue is:

comment:

name:

age:

address:

city & other:

mail to: SKYWALD BEST STORY
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New York City, N.Y. 10017



goodly number of years. One form of comic story which has always been my favorite is the crime story, gangland, gats and gore. Sad to say the really great crime comics had to come along in an age (the early 60's) when the witch-hunters and do-gooders were out to nail everyone to the wall who just didn't quite fit in with their narrow scheme of things...

...so, the curtain opened to the beady eyed canons, the hatchet-headed P.T.A. groups and other self-appointed guardians of public morals, whose worse twenty years later seem a hilarious study in logic...

...well I for one have always missed those great old mags. There was just something about them that made them classic, one and all. Perhaps it was the message they gave - crime can't win - or - good must overcome evil - or maybe it was the old fashioned action-packed way they were written...

— crime is, of course, often leashed in our tales of horror in **PSYCHO**, **NIGHTMARE** and **SCREAM** - as in stories like **THE PERFECT CRIME** in **SCREAM** #1... which proved as immensely popular with everyone that **MORE** such **CRIME** material is being produced by the **MOOD-TEAM** for publication soon...

MIND-ROTTING MAGS

"...just finished devouring, err, reading the latest issues of **NIGHTMARE** and **SCREAM** at the local cemetery. Your mind-rottings mags are the only ones good enough for graveyard reading! I congratulate and thank you for the **HORROR-NOOD**. For sheer macabre horror, the stories your **MOOD-TEAM** produces have **NEVER** been equaled before in comic history. Favorite writer: **HEW-ETSON** favorite artists: **SORRELL**... for what it's worth - I dig the **HEAP!** How about a salute based upon the **CTHULHU MYTHOS**? I enjoy tales with an element of cosmic horror, such as **TAPESTRY OF BLOOD** by Felony and Rubie in **NIGHTMARE** #15... keep it rolling..."

Rip Hitz
Dayton, Ohio

— our Intrepid **SHOGGOTH** SERIES is based upon the ideas introduced in Howard Lovecraft's **CTHULHU MYTHOS**... coming up next in this highly praised series is **THE VAULT** and **THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE**, illustrated by new **CESAR LOPEZ** —

COMING UP NEXT IN THE **MONSTER. MONSTER.** SAGA



AND IN THIS LAND — A MONSTER...

the brutal saga of the weirdest werewolf ever to walk the face of the earth under the cold ghastly moon appears in each issue of **PSYCHO**... written by Awkward **AUGUSTINE FUNNELL** and illustrated by Rancid **RICARDO VILLAMONTE** (as weird a creative duo as ever walked the face of the earth under the hot ghastly sun) it is rapidly becoming the definitive lycanthrope story in illustrated horror...

FAVORITE TALES

"...in **SCREAM** #3 it was **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**... superbly written and drawn..."

Brian Gray
Tulsa, Oklahoma

"...my 6 favorite stories. **THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS IN PSYCHO** #12... **WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM** also in **PSYCHO** #12... **A PLOT OF DIRT** in **PSYCHO** #9... **THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF DRACULA** in the **PSYCHO ANNUAL** #1... and **THE 13 DEAD THINGS** in **PSYCHO** #15! I couldn't possibly say what my favorite is because I've liked every story you've ever published except **BLIND FATE** in the **PSYCHO ANNUAL** #1 - I thought it was stupid! Incidentally, my favorite movie review was **ASYLUM** - I went to see the movie after I read the review and I loved it..."

Dave Hight
Waco, California

"...the best story in **NIGHTMARE** #16 was **HELL HATH NO FACE**. The next best stories were **THE VAMPIRE** and **WHEN THE DEVIL SENT US DEATH**. The **WORST** story in **NIGHTMARE** #16 was the 2-part **WEREWOLF MACABRE** and **DIAGNET: WEREWOLF**... it was too long and had no point to it... your mags are the best in the market and I never miss an issue..."

Martin Berkowitz

"...my favorite tale in **SCREAM** #3 was **THE TALE OF ANOTHER**, closely followed up by **MESSRS. CRYPTS AND GRAVES: UNDERTAKERS**..."

Billy Smith
Greenville, South Carolina

— that's it for this issue weird ones — we hope you'll check the next ones for **NIGHTMARE** #16 where in **THE 7 WEIRD TALES OF THE MAN-MAGARE** await your weird perusal —

REST IN PEACE

ARCHAIC AL



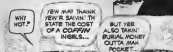


**GET
UP
AND
DIE
AGAIN!**

WRITTEN BY HOWIE AMERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSE FORT

...CONTINUING THE
**DARKOS
MANSE**

SABA...



I SONNA
KILL NAW
WIFE.

WHAT?

...TROUBLE
IS AN HAVE TO
MAKE IT LOOK
LIKE AN
ACCIDENT...

YOUR TELLING ME?
MY GOD SHERIFF I'M
A DOCTOR... AND
YOU'RE THE SHERIFF
THE LAW... YOU'RE
TELLING ME YOU WANT
TO KILL YOUR
WIFE...

WELL... YES...
BUT I DO
NOTHING
ILLEGAL...
I'M A
SCIENTIST!

YER A MAD
SCIENTIST IS
WANT TEN ARE.

...AN' IF'N YEW
THINK WHAT IS
LEGAL AN' WHAT
AIN'T IS SONNA MAKE
A DIFFERENCE TO THE
FOLKS IN THIS HERE
COUNTY... WELL... I GUESS
YEW DON'T REALLY KNOW
THE FOLKS IN THIS HERE
COUNTY VERY WELL.

GIT OFFAR
TER MORAL
HIGH-NOOSE
INSELS... I
KNOW WHAT
YEW DO WITH
THEM BODIES.

...YEW GOT SOME
KINDA LAB OUT
THESE IN THAT
CRUMBLYN DUMP
DARKOS IN
'SH SHANK'...

...YEW 'PLAY AROUND'
WITH 'EM DON'T YOU?

ALRIGHT... YOU'VE
MADE YOUR POINT
...WHAT DEVIOUS
ACT HAVE YOU GOT
UP YOUR
SLEEVE?

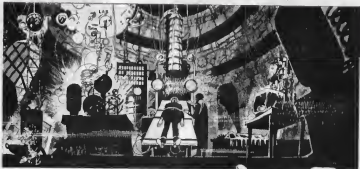
I HAIN'T GOT
NO DEVIOUS
ACT UP MY SLEEVE.
I THOUGHT I'VE
LAYING EVERYTHING
OUT FER YA...

...I WANT YOU TO
POISON HER... MAKE
IT LOOK L'K AN
ACCIDENT AND GIVE 'ER
DEWISE A CLEAN BILL
O' HEALTH...

...ALRIGHT...

I'LL EVEN GIVE
YEW HER BODY...
NAW NAW NAW NAW...
J'US SO'S
FRANKENSTEIN
THERE WON'T
GET LOVELY...







I WATCHED YOU--ON
THE GALLOW'S-- I
WATCHED YOU HANG
-- I SAW YOU STRUGGLE
AND FIGHT FOR
LIFE...

...AND YOU
WOULD NOT
STRUGGLE... IF
YOU WERE
BEGING
HANGED?



... FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN... MY EXISTENCE... I
KNEW PEACE AND
FREEDOM IN MY DEATH...

...AND
YOU--
YOU
TAKE
EVEN THAT
FROM ME...

...HOW WAS I
TO KNOW?

HOW WERE YOU TO KNOW?
I--DOUBT... IF YOU WOULD
HAVE-- LET ME DIE IN PEACE
-- EVEN IF YOU HAD KNOWN.



WHO'S
THIS?

...JUST A WOMAN'S
CORPSE... NOW, AFTER
SO MANY FAILURES... NOW
THAT I HAVE CREATED
LIFE IN MAN... I WILL
CREATE LIFE IN
WOMAN...



I BEG OF YOU--

YOU BEG WHAT
OF ME?

I BEG
SHE BE
MINE!

WHAT?



LOOK
AT ME!

I WAS A MONSTER
IN LIFE-- EVEN AS I AM
KNOWN I HAVE NEVER
KNOWN A WOMAN...
THEY HAVE ALWAYS
SHUNNED ME... BUT THIS
ONE-- IF YOU BRING HER
TO LIFE, WILL BE LIKE ME...

I WILL HAVE
A COMPANION
... ONE TO LOVE...
ONE WHO WILL
LOVE ME IN
RETURN...





...TO THIS FRANKENSTEIN'S MOMENTARY SURPRISE... HE IS MET WARMLY BY OTHERS IN THE DARKKOS MANSE, WHERE HE DISPOSES OF DOCTOR INGEL'S BODY...



...OTHERS... WHO-- LIKE HE, WERE FAILURES... NOT ONLY OF ONE MAD DOCTOR INGELS, BUT OF OTHER CRIMES, OTHER TIMES AND OF OTHER STORIES...



...STORIES' INCHARE BEING TOLD-- IN THE CONTINUING STORIES OF THE DARKKOS MANSE...

"THE **THOUSAND INJURIES** OF **FORTUNATO** I HAD BORNE AS BEST I COULD; BUT WHEN HE VENTURED UPON INSULT, I VOWED REVENGE. I THOUGHT UP A THOUSAND PLANS TO END HIS LIFE, A THOUSAND HORRIBLE WAYS TO DIE A THOUSAND hideous AIDS FOR A MAN I LOATHED AND DESPISED AND HATED...HE WAS MY ENEMY...MY DESPERATE ENEMY...AND I WANTED TO SEE HIM **DEAD**..

THE CASK of AMONTILLADO

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD BAKER

FORTUNATO WAS A **WINE CONNOISSEUR**.. I OBTAINED A BOTTLE OF **MEDOC** WITH WHICH TO EFFECT MY MOST AMUSING MURDER...AND SEARCHED OUT THE FIEND... IT WAS ABOUT DUSK, ONE EVENING DURING THE SUPREME MADNESS OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON..

MY DEAR **FORTUNATO**.. YOU ARE LUCKILY MET! HOW REMARKABLY **WELL** YOU ARE LOOKING TODAY! I HAVE RECEIVED A PIPE OF WHAT PASSES FOR **AMONTILLADO WINE**, AND I HAVE MY DOUBTS!

HOW? **AMONTILLADO?** IMPOSSIBLE!

I HAVE MY DOUBTS!.. AND I WAS SILLY ENOUGH TO PAY THE **FULL AMONTILLADO PRICE** WITHOUT CONSULTING YOU IN THE MATTER YOU WERE NOT TO BE **FOUND**. AND I WAS **FEARFUL** --

OF LOSING A **BARGAIN!**

AMONTILLADO!

I HAVE MY DOUBTS!

AMONTILLADO WINE IS THE VERY **FINEST**, THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER WINE IN ALL **ITALY!**

AS YOU'RE BUSY, I AM ON MY WAY TO SEE **LUCHESE**. IF ANY MAN HAS A CRITICAL TURN, IT IS **HE!**

LUCESI CAN NOT
TELL AMONTILLADO
FROM SHERRY!

AND YET
SOME FOOLS
SAY HIS TASTE IS
A MATCH FOR
YOUR OWN!



COME...LET'S
GO!

WHY...TO YOUR VAULTS OF
COURSE...TO TASTE IT... TO
VERIFY IF IT IS
AMONTILLADO OR NOT!

WHERE?

MY FRIEND NO
I WILL NOT
IMPOSE UPON
YOU...THE VAULTS
ARE
INSUFFERABLY
DAMP...THEY
ARE ENCRUSTED
WITH NITRE!



LET US GO, THE COLD IS
MERELY NOTHING!
AMONTILLADO! YOU HAVE
BEEN DECEIVED...COME
ON... LET US TEST IT...



"THERE WERE NO ATTENDANTS AT MY
HOUSE...I HAD SENT THEM AWAY FOR
THE NIGHT. FORTUNATO AND I WERE
QUITE ALONE...MY TRAP WAS SET...AND THE
FOOL FORTUNATO WAS FALLING IN TO IT
EXACTLY AS I'D PLANNED."

DESCEND CAREFULLY FORTUNATO...
THE STEPS ARE OILY AND I DON'T
WANT YOU TO FALL."



HA! WHAT A MISERABLE
HYPOCRITE I AM! I DON'T
WANT HIM TO FALL BECAUSE
I WANT THE PLEASURE
OF MURDERING HIM
MYSELF!!!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE IMPRESSIVE
VAULTS MONTRESOR... SO LARGE...
...WHERE IS THE AMONTILLADO?

...OBSERVE THE **WHITE
WEB-WORK** WHICH CLEANS
FROM THESE **CAVERN
WALLS**...

COUGH
COUGH
KAFF AH
AH... IS IT...
NITRE?
KOUR
KOUFF...

NITRE... YES! BAD FOR
YOUR HEALTH! HOW LONG
HAVE YOU HAD THAT
COUGH?

FOR
THE MOMENT... DRINK THE **FLAMBEAUX**...
...IT TOO IS **EXCELLENT**...

COUGH COUGH AHK...
IT IS... NOTHING... AT ALL...
COUGH COUFF COUGH...

HERE...
DRINK THIS
MEDUC...

WHA! THAT IS
BETTER DRINK
TO THE **DEAD** THAT
REPOSE AROUNDUS!

...AND /... TO
YOUR **LONG
LIFE**...

OH COUGH COUGH... COUGH
COUGH COUGH... TO TASTE
AMONTILLADO IS WORTH IT...
...AMONTILLADO IS WORTH A
FORTUNE... A FORTUNE
MONTRESOR...

...WHICH **MIGHT**
LAST ANOTHER **FIFTEEN
MINUTES**... FOOL...

THESE **VAULTS**
ARE **EXTENSIVE**!

YES... YOU COULD
BECOME **LOST**
DOWN HERE!!

...WE PASSED BY WALLS OF **PILED BONES**...WITH **CASKS** AND **SKULLS** **INTERMINGLING**, INTO THE **INMOST RECESSES** OF THE **CATACOMBS**...



...THE DAMPNESS INCREASES...

...WE ARE COMING TO IT...

YES...COUGH COUGH AHK...WHERE IS IT MOUTRESSOR? WHERE IS THE AMOUTILLADO... COUGH COUGH AFF HAKK COUGH. COUGH...



...AT THE MOST **REMOTE END** OF THE **CRYPT** THE **WALLS** WERE **LINED** WITH **HUMAN REMAINS**, **PILED** TO THE **VAULT OVERHEAD**...HERE THE **DAMPNESS** SO **INFECTED** FORTUNATO'S LUNGS THAT HE **COLLAPSED**...

AKKK COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH AKK AHK AHK...IS...THERE MUCH FURTHER...TO GO? COUGH COUGH...



NO...WE ARE HERE...

WE ARE HERE? BUT WHERE IS THE WINE?

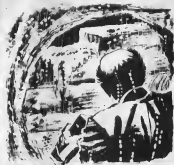
...HERE...





"I BUSIED MYSELF AMONG THE PILE OF BONES AND THROWING THEM ASIDE I SOON UNCOVERED A QUANTITY OF BUILDING STONE AND MORTAR WITH THESE MATERIALS AND WITH THE AID OF MY TROWEL I BEGAN VIGOROUSLY TO WALL UP THE ENTRANCE OF THE NICHE..."





HAI HAI HAI HE! HE! A VERY GOOD JOKE... INDEED... AND EXCELLENT JEST. WE WILL HAVE MANY A RICH LAUGH ABOUT IT AT THE PALAZZO... HE! HE! HE! OVER OUR WINE HE HE HE!
HA HA HA!



FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESOR!



YES, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD IT WAS AMONTILLADO... EVEN AS I KILL YOU YOU TWIST THE SCREW IN MY BRAIN FORTUNATO...



FORTUNATO...
FORTUNATO

"I CALLED HIS NAME... NO ANSWER... I THRUST A TORCH THROUGH REMAINING APERTURE AND LET IT FALL WITHIN... NOTHING... I FORCED THE LAST STONE INTO ITS POSITION... I PLASTERED IT UP... AGAINST THE NEW MASONRY I RE-ERECTED THE OLD RAMPART OF BONES FOR HALF A CENTURY NO MORTAL WAS DISTURBED THEM... IN PLACE REQUIESCANT..."

THE AMONTILLADO?

YES... THE AMONTILLADO!

...IT... IS AMONTILLADO?

YES... OF COURSE IT IS!





THOSE FLOWERS...
ARE SO BEAUTIFUL...
WHAT KIND OF
FLOWERS ARE THEY?

WRITTEN BY STRAIGHT WILLIAMS ILLUSTRATED BY CARROLL



...THEY ARE
BLACK ORCHIDS
ANNE...



I'VE BEEN IN THIS ASYLUM SUCH
A LONG TIME... SUCH A VERY
LONG LONG TIME...

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
BE ALLOWED MORE
FREEDOM... I'LL
SPEAK TO THE DOCTOR
...PERHAPS HE'LL LET
YOU TEND THE
FLOWERS.

OH THAT WOULD
BE WONDERFUL...
SIMPLY WONDERFUL.

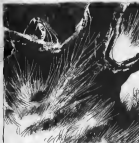


YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL
... SO COMPLETELY
BEAUTIFUL...

...AND SO BEGINS OUR STRANGE,
SAD TALE, OF:

THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE TALE OF ANNE





...AND, SHE TOOK AN
AXE, FIRST TO HER...



...THEN TO HIM...



"...WHEN THE POLICE CAME...SHE WAS WHISPERING BESIDE A TREE... THE AXE ON THE GROUND BESIDE HER... AND NEARBY THE MUTILATED BODIES OF THE HUSBAND AND THE 'OTHER' WOMAN..."



"...IT... WAS A BIT OF AN OVER-REACTION, WASN'T IT?... I MEAN TO FIND HER HUSBAND AND THE OTHER WOMAN. **SHOULDN'T NORMALLY BE ENOUGH TO PROVOKE A MURDER.** SHE MUST'VE BEEN DEEPLY DISTURBED THEN..."

"OF COURSE, THE COURTS FOUND HER **INSANE**, VERY... 'DISTURBED' AND COMMITTED HER TO THIS ASYLUM FOR THE **CRIMINALLY INSANE**..."



"YES... WELL, I ASSUME SHE WAS 'UNDER CLINICAL HYPNOSIS', WE DISCOVERED THE WHOLE STORY..."

"...APPARENTLY THE 'OTHER' WOMAN WAS HER SISTER..."



"...AND APPARENTLY, SHE WAS NOT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, LIKE ANNE..."



"...ANNE WAS ALWAYS THE GIRL WITH SO MANY FRIENDS AND MANY DATES... WHILE HER SISTER MARY WAS ALONE AND WITHOUT MALE ADMIRERS..."

"...ANNE... DIDN'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT HER SISTER... AND CERTAINLY DIDN'T EVER SHOW THAT SHE CARED... SHE WAS NOT CAREFUL, BUT SHE WAS CERTAINLY NOT 'NICE'... AND SO MARY CAME TO RESENT HER ATTRACTIVE SISTER, AND CAME TO FEEL VERY MISERABLE..."



"...WELL, IN DUE COURSE, ANNE MARRIED... BUT SHE MARRIED HIS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ANNE, AND WHAT YOU'D CALL A 'NICE GUY'... SO WHEN MARY CAME TO THE HOUSE HE WAS 'FRIENDLY' WITH HER... AND HE BEING THE FIRST MAN MARY HAD ANY CONTACT WITH, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM..."



"...SHE FOUSED OUT HER HEART TO HIM, NOT BY WORDS, BUT BY ACTIONS, AND HE CAME TO REALIZE THAT SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL INSIDE, WHILE HIS WIFE ANNE WAS BEAUTIFUL OUTSIDE..."



"...WELL, THE LONG OR SHORT OF IT IS, THAT THERE GREN BETWEEN JOAN MARSTON AND MARY AN EMOTIONAL LOVE, AND BETWEEN JOAN MARSTON AND HIS WIFE ANNE A PURELY PHYSICAL LOVE..."



"...AND THEN... ONE DAY..."





ON BUT YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, MARY... *INSIDE*... ANNE IS BEAUTIFUL ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE--A SURFACE BEAUTY...

...BUT YOU I LOVE BECAUSE OF YOUR *INNER* BEAUTY...

OH LORD...

...THEY TALK OF ME AS IF I WERE... SO **UGLY** INSIDE... BUT I'M NOT... I'M NOT...

SO ANNE, WHOSE INSECURITIES AND CONFLICT WITH HER SISTER HAD IN THE YEARS OF THEIR ADOLESCENCE, BEEN UNCONSCIOUS AND VERY SUBLIMINAL, NOW BECAME **DRAMATIZED** BY THE CONVERSATION SHE OVERHEARD AND...



...AND SHE JUST WENT **BERSERK!!**...



...THAT'S IT... THAT'S ALL?

YES... THAT'S ALL... YOU SEE... FOR YEARS AND YEARS ANNE INDEED HAD ENVIED HER SISTER, AND DESPISED HER OWN BEAUTY BECAUSE SHE DID FEEL SORRY FOR MARY--AND WISHED HER SISTER HAD PHYSICAL BEAUTY TOO...

...BUT SHE WOULDN'T OR COULDN'T ADMIT IT--SO HER FRUSTRATION WENT INTO ITS OWN MURDER...

ANNE... HATES... **BEAUTY**...



THERE ARE NO MIRRORS ANYWHERE NEAR... IF SHE SAW HER REFLECTION IN A MIRROR IT WOULD HAVE AN **AWFUL EFFECT**... SHE WOULD SEE HERSELF AS BEAUTIFUL, AND SOMEHOW TRY TO DESTROY IT...

...AS SHE DESTROYED HER 'BEAUTIFUL' SISTER --AND THE 'BEAUTIFUL' **BLACK ORCHIDS**...

...SO... MATRON, LET US PRAY... THAT SHE NEVER SEES HER OWN BEAUTY WHILE SHE IS STILL SO... **DISTURBED**...



...THE TWO POBMS OF **EDGAR ALLAN POE**
 -- **THE CONQUEROR WORM**, AND -- **THE HAUNTED**
PALACE ARE TWO DISTINCT AND SEPARATE
MASTERPIECES OF HORROR... BUT BY OUR
 TAKING THE TWO POBMS AND WRITING THEM INTO A
 SINGLE LITTLE STORY, WE ARE NOT ONLY HAVING
 FUN BUT WIND UP WITH THE SAME "WEIRD
 LITTLE MESSAGE" MR. POE ORIGINALLY
 INTENDED...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE CONQUEROR WORM AND THE HAUNTED PALACE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BARNES

...IN THE GREENEST OF OUR VALLEYS, ONCE A
 PAIR AND STATELY PALACE REARED ITS HEAD.
 WANDERERS IN THAT HAPPY VALLEY, THROUGH
 TWO LUMINOUS WINDOWS, SAW SPIRITS
 MOVING MUSICALLY...



...AND ON A
 THRONE WAS
 SITTING, THE
 KING, THE
 RULER OF
 THE REALM
 LISTENING TO
 THE EDGES
 OF EVIL
 THINGS,
 IN ROSES OF
 SORROW,
 PERFORM
 THE DANCE
 OF DEATH.



...A MOTLEY DRAMA, IT SHALL NOT BE
 FORGOTTEN... THE YAST AND FORMLESS
 THINGS, SHIFT THE SCENERY TO AND
 FRO, FLAPPING FROM OUT THEIR
 CONDOR WINGS - INVISIBLE WOE.



...THE PHANTOM ENTERED...
WITH MIND OF MADNESS,
AND MIND OF SIN, AND HORROR
THE SOUL OF THE PLOT... A
CRAWLING SNAKE... A BLOOD-
RED THING THAT WRITHES...
IT WRITHES...



...IT WRITHES... IN HUMAN BORE... OUT... OUT
ARE THE LIGHTS... OUT ALL! THE CURTAIN COMES
DOWN WITH THE RIVEN OF A STORM...



THE PLAY... IS THE
TRAGEDY "MAN"...



...AND ITS HERO -- THE
CONQUEROR WORM--



...THIS GROTESQUE, BLACK HELL-HOLE IS AN ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE...

WITHIN THIS MAD MANSION ARE A HUNDRED POINTLESS PEOPLE WHO ARE NO GOOD TO ANY-ONE, LEAST OF ALL THEMSELVES...

INSIDE THIS MIND-PRISON...THE PROMISE OF TOMORROW'S GREENER PASTURES IS A PROMISE TOWARDS THE ADVENT THOSE THEREIN SHALL DIE...

WRITTEN BY ALAN BOWEN
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMOR



THIS IS SIMON TOLBIN...THE KEEPER OF THE ASYLUM...AND IT IS WITH THIS INTRODUCTION WE PROMISE SOMETHING BIZARRE TO COME...

ARE YOU DEAD YET?



MASTER TOURIST... I AM JESSICA
VOSEL. WE REPRESENT THE
GROUP FOR INSTITUTIONAL REFORM...
THIS IS MR. ANDERSON, MRS.
PELLE AND MR. EDWARDS... AS
YOU KNOW WE SECURED PERMISSION
FROM STATE AUTHORITIES TO
VISIT YOUR ASYLUM...



COME WITH
ME... I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT YOU
WANT TO SEE...



YES... I
KNOW...



...DO YOU TAKE GOOD
MEDICAL CARE OF THESE
POOR WRETCHES?... THEY
LOOK VERY SICK...

...I TAKE CARE OF
THEM... BUT THERE'S NOT
MUCH POINT... IF YOU HAVEN'T
GOT A MIND... YOU AIN'T
REALLY ALIVE ANY-
WAY!



THIS INMATE
FOR EXAMPLE...
MARSHA WALSH...
YOU MIGHT THINK
SHE LOOKS LIKE
A HARMLESS
OLD WOMAN...



"SHE WAS A WIFE TO A LEADING DOCTOR... A
RESPECTED LEADER IN THE MEDICAL WORLD...
SHE WOULD AID HIM IN HIS CAUSE TO END
DISEASE AND POVERTY IN HIS CLINIC FOR
THE POOR..."



"MANY OF HIS PATIENTS MYSTERIOUSLY DIED
HOWEVER, AND UPON INVESTIGATION THE
POLICE DISCOVERED LOVING MARSHA WAS
POISONING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE SECRETLY
SHE REGRETTED HER HUSBAND FORSAKING A
WEALTHY PRACTICE TO HELP THE POOR..."

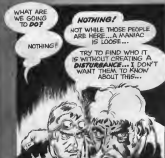


...SHE KILLED
THEM!...SHE
MUST'VE BEEN A
HOMICIDAL
MANIAC...



WAS?...
NO,
MR. EDWARDS...

IS...



THIS IS INMATE ARTHUR ENGELS...

WHAT WAS HIS
PROBLEM?

...OH...A SIMPLE
PROBLEM...



"HE THOUGHT HE WAS A **YAWWALE**... HE WENT AROUND
KILLING PEOPLE AT NIGHT..."



...THIS IS OUR
DOCTOR, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN...
DR. HOWARD
PROVIDENCE...

MASTER
TOUBIN...

I MUST
SPEAK WITH YOU
PRIVATELY...



...WHAT
IS IT?

COME
WITH ME...

GOOD LORD!

NOW LISTEN
HERE, TOWN...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND
OF PLACE YOU'RE RUNNING
HERE...MAMMIES RUNNING
AROUND LOOSE...MAMMIES
BEING MURDERED...

...AND...POOR
MARY...

I THINK
YOU'D BETTER
GET THE POLICE
IN HERE,
TOWN.

YES...OF COURSE
MISS VOGEL...BUT YOU
MUST REALIZE...THE POLICE
WILL ONLY CONFUSE MATTERS
...WE ARE IN A MUCH BETTER
POSITION TO DETERMINE
THE...ER...CULPRIT...

HIS DEAD...
HIS DEAD...
MY FRIEND...
HIS DEAD...

HIS DEAD...

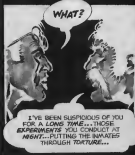
WHO IS THIS
GIBBERING
IDOT?

HE IS EDGAR
LOVE...NO ONE TO
FEAR...NO ONE TO
PAY ATTENTION
TO...

...HE'S TRYING
TO TELL YOU SOME-
THING, TOWN...

MAYBE
IT'S ANOTHER
MURDER...

HIS DEAD...
MY FRIEND IS
DEAD...



...IF ANYONE
SHOULD BE UNDER
SUSPICION IT SHOULD BE
YOU, TOUBIN...

ARE YOU
MAD?...
ME?

YES... **YOU...**

YOUR ATTITUDE
CLEARLY DEMONSTRATES
YOUR OWN CLOSENESS TO
MADNESS... YOU TREAT THE
PRISONERS AS IF THEY'RE
ALREADY DEAD!

IT'S NOT
ME... IT'S
NOT ME...

WHY SHOULD IT BE
ANYONE BUT A LUNATIC.
WHAT MAKES EVERYONE
THINK IT ISN'T A
LUNATIC?

THERE ISN'T
A LUNATIC
LOOSE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
THERE ISN'T A LUNATIC
LOOSE... I'VE SEEN
TWO DOZEN LOOSE
SINCE WE'VE
ARRIVED...

THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE...

...YES... YES...
BUT NOT
HOMICIDAL
ONES...

WHAT KIND OF
STUPID FABRICATION
IS THAT?



ANSWER ME...
ANSWER
ME...



DOCTOR...



LEAVE HIM
ALONE, ANDERSON.
HE ISN'T GUILTY OF ANY-
THING!

IN HERE, DOCTOR.

WELL, WHO
IS IT SOMEBODY IS!
IS IT YOU?

DON'T BE
FOOLISH ANDERSON...



COME IN
HERE YOU
THREE...



JUST THAT...IT
IS A MADHOUSE...

I'M GETTING OUT
OF HERE BEFORE I'M
NEXT...



OH MY GOD...
WHAT KIND OF
MADHOUSE
IS THIS...



THE DOOR OF THAT
CELL WAS IN FULL VIEW
OF ALL OF US...

NOMBODY COULD GET
IN OR OUT WITHOUT
ONE OF US SEEING...

...AND
I SAW ONE
OF US GO IN...
YOU
ANDERSON...



**YOU,
ANDERSON!!**

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT...

...THEY LOOKED AT ME LIKE THAT...

THAT'S WHY I KILLED THEM...
THEY LOOKED RIGHT
INTO ME...

...JUST LIKE YOU...

...THEY LOOKED RIGHT INTO ME WITH THEIR EYES...
THEY SAW WHAT WAS INSIDE ME... THEY KNEW WHAT
WAS GOING ON IN MY MIND... AND MRS. PELLE... SHE
CAME IN AND SAW ME KILL
ANGELS... SHE
LOOKED RIGHT
INTO ME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS
PLACE...

EVERYBODY IS MAD HERE... I CAN'T
STAND IT... EVERYBODY HAS STRANGE
EYES HERE... EVERYBODY KNOWS
WHAT YOU'RE... THINKING...
DO YOU HEAR ME, DOCTOR...
THAT'S WHY I KILLED
YOU, TOO
DOCTOR...

WHEN YOU'RE DEAD
YOU CAN'T SEE INTO ME...
BUT I CAN STILL FEEL
YOUR EYES SEEING INTO
ME...

YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND SUCH
THINGS... I KILLED YOU, DOCTOR...
WHY DO YOU STILL SEE INTO ME?
A DEAD MAN CAN'T SEE...
ARE YOU DEAD YET?



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SHIFT: VAMPIRE

ERIN BERNARD




START: 1973. A COLD, DARK NIGHT, WRAPPED IN FOGS AND HIDDEN IN SHADOWS, A FIGURE CLOADED IN BLACK **LOOKS** IN THOSE CONSUMING SHADOWS, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO PRESENT ITSELF.

AS US SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE RIGHT MOMENT COMES ALONG, RIFE FOR THE PICKING. THERE SHOULD BE NO **REASON** FOR **FEAR**. THIS NIGHT BUT FEAR IS **BLIND**. IT RECOGNIZES NO LIMITS OR BOUNDARIES.



AND WHEN IT STRIKES, THE IMPACT CAN BE MORE HORRIBLE THAN **ANYTHING** BEFORE IT!



AND WHEN IT LEAVES, IT DOES NOT GO **ALONE**. IT TAKES WITH IT ALL BEAUTY, LOVE, AND INNOCENCE, LEAVING ONLY **DEATH** TO MARK ITS PASSING.



IT ALSO LEAVES **SILENCE**... HEAVY FEARFUL SILENCE, FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE WILL HAPPEN **AGAIN**!

WRITTEN BY JACQUELINE FURNESS ILLUSTRATED BY UNLTD

SHIFT. 2073. ANOTHER COLD DARK NIGHT BUT IN A SETTING NEVER WARNED BY BRAINSTOCKER, THE FEAR IS **STILL** THERE... BUT THIS TIME IT IS FEAR OF A DIFFERENT KIND.

I'VE BEEN DISCOVERED!
CURSE THE WRETCHES!
BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE
ME TO THEIR CURSED
PURIFICATION CENTRES!

THE PURIFICATION CENTRES. THE WORDS **CHILL** THE HEART OF THE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT FOR HE KNOWS THAT ALL **CRIMINALS** GO THERE, AND THEY ARE SWIFTLY DISPOSED OF HE RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT, HIS HEART PULSING WITH **TERROR!**

BECAUSE OF
THAT GIRL, THEY'LL
KILL ME FOR SURE!
BUT I, TOO, HAVE A
RIGHT TO LIVE... BY
ANY **MEANS**
POSSIBLE!

HE DOES THE ONLY THING HE
CAN, AND BEFORE THE
STARTLED EYES OF THE CROWD...

HE'S
CHANGED
INTO A
BAT!

FOLLOW IT!
WE'LL HUNT THE
CREATURE DOWN
...AND **KILL**
IT!

HE AWAKES IT NOW, BUT HE
IS STILL CONSUMED WITH
FEAR BECAUSE...

THEY'VE
FOLLOWED ME!
THEY KNOW I'M HERE!
HAVE TO GET INTO
THE BACK ROOM!

SHIFT: 1973. THE NIGHT HAS GONE, AND SO HAS THE DAY.
COMING UPON THE LAND IS *DUSK*... THE MOMENTS BEFORE
THE WARRIOR *ARISES!*



AND *ARISE* IT *DOES!* A GRIM SMILE CROSSES ITS
LIPS AS IT WALKS TO THE CELLAR STEPS AND GOES
UPSTAIRS.

NOISES!
THEY'VE FOUND
ME! I'VE GOT TO
GET *OUT* OF
THIS *HOUSE!*



THE FOOL?
THEY'LL *NEVER* TAKE
ME! I HAVE A MEANS
OF ESCAPE THEY'LL
NEVER UNDERSTAND!

LET THEM COME!
THEY'LL MAKE IT IN
MINUTES... JUST IN
TIME TO WITNESS MY
INCREDIBLE *ESCAPE*
FROM THEIR GRIM
CLUTCHES!



SHIFT: 2075.

THEY'RE BREAKING
DOWN THE FRONT DOOR
NOW... I CAN HEAR
THEM! WILL LET THE
SELF-RIGHTEOUS POOLS
COME! IT'S **NOTHING**
TO FEAR FROM THEM
NOW!

AN ANCESTOR OF
MINE INVENTED THIS
MACHINE FOR JUST THIS
SORT OF CIRCUMSTANCE.
HE PROBABLY NEVER
KNEW THE USE IT WOULD
HAVE FOR **ME**.

THERE HE
IS! GET THE
DEVIL-SAWN!
KILL IT!

THERE IS A FLASH... A **BLINDING** FLASH OF
LIGHT. THE MOTOR HUMS AND...

...THERE IS **NOTHING!**

**GOOD LORD! HE'S
DISAPPEARED!**

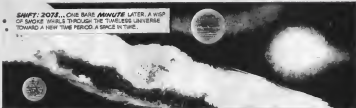
**SHIFT: 1973... AND ANOTHER
INCREDIBLE SCENE.**



THEY RUN QUICKLY, BUT A BLINDING FLASH STOPS THEM
COLD. THEIR FINGERS REACH TO COVER THEIR EYES, AND
A MOMENT LATER...



SHIFT: 2073... ONE BARE *MINUTE* LATER, A WISP OF SMOKE WHIRLS THROUGH THE TIMELESS UNIVERSE TOWARD A NEW TIME PERIOD, A SPACE IN TIME.



SHIFT: 1973... ANOTHER BARE MINUTE LATER.



SHIFT: THE MIDDLE.



SHIFT: ETERNITY... AND A SINGLE FLOATING MASS OF SMOKE, DOOMED TO FLOAT *FOREVER* IN THE TIMELESS SPACE, FOR EVERY LIVING CREATURE THERE IS A *SPACE IN TIME*... AND THAT SPACE IN TIME MUST *ALWAYS* BE OCCUPIED, BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THOSE THAT MUST OCCUPY THAT SPACE MEET *HEAD ON* IN THEIR JOURNEY? SHIFT: ETERNITY, SHIFT: ETERNITY, SHIFT: ETERNITY.



...THE MORAL IS THIS: ALL EXCESS,
AS WELL AS ALL REMUNERATION
BRINGS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT...
-OSCAR WILDE-

...WE BEGIN THE CLASSIC TALE OF THE
GREAT IMMORTAL MAN, WITH A MORAL.
IT IS A TALE RIDDLED WITH STRANGE
MORALITIES, SOME OBSCURE AND SOME
NOT... SOME ARE *USUALLY*... SOME ARE AS
HANDSOME AS DORIAN GRAY
HIMSELF...

...THIS IS DORIAN GRAY'S TALE...
WHICH OPENS IN LONDON IN 1890...

HELLO BASIL,
WILL THIS BE OTHER
TODAY? I DON'T
EVEN WANT A LIFE-
SIZED PORTRAIT
OF MYSELF...

DORIAN...
THERE'S A
GENTLEMAN WHO
WISHES TO MEET
YOU... LORD
HENRY WOTTON.

...I DON'T
MEAN TO BE
RUDE BASIL--
BUT IS THIS
MAN MAD?

...A LITTLE
I SUPPOSE...

...MY WORD
SIR... YOU HAVE THE
FACE OF AN ANGEL
SIR.

I'M SORRY MR. WARD. I
DIDN'T THINK BEFORE I
SPOKE... IT'S JUST THAT YOU
ARE THE VERY GARGONTE OF
THE SORT OF YOUNG MAN I'VE
BEEN MEETING RECENTLY...
...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE NEVER
COMMITTED AN ACT OF SIN IN YOUR LIFE.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

WRITTEN BY OSCAR WILDE
SCRIPTED BY GILSON

...IT IS YOUR
BEST WORK, BASIL... IT
IS SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT...
...AND I WILL BESET
THIS ASTONISHING
YOUNG MAN?...

...ASTONISHING
YOUNG MAN? WHY DO
YOU CALL HIM THAT?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
HE'S ASTONISHING?

...WHY JUST LOOK
AT HIM? I'VE CERTAINLY
NEVER SEEN SO STRIKINGLY
HANDSOME AND INNOCENT-
LOOKING A MAN IN MY
LIFE!!

...YOU'RE A ROMANTIC
LORD HENRY... DORIAN
GRAY, THAT IS HIS NAME...
DORIAN GRAY IS NEEDED
HANDSOME BUT YOU TAKE
HIS LOOKS TOO
ROMANTICALLY...

...STILL IF YOU WANT TO MEET HIM...
JUST STAY AWAY... HE SHOULD BE
ALONE ANYWHERE FOR HIS
FINAL SITTING...

...YOUR THOUGHT IS
TOO GENEROUS... WE
UNDERSTAND YOU TO
MEAN THAT THE EVIL
MEN DO IS WRITTEN
ON THEIR FACE - AND
SINCE MY FACE IS
SOMETHING INNOCENT-
LOOKING, THEN I HAVE
LED A GOOD LIFE?...

YES...
THAT'S
WHAT I
MEANT...
LOOK AT
ME... I'VE
LED A LIFE OF
DEBAUCHERY
AND GLUTTONY
AND... AND IT
SHOWS ON MY
FACE...

I'M SURE THAT'S AN
EXAGGERATION LORD
HENRY... STILL, IT'S A THOUGHT...
...I ONLY LOOK INNOCENT
BECAUSE I AM YOUNG...
...IF ONLY THE EYES I DO
WEAR WRIT INTO THIS
PAINTING INSTEAD OF MY
FACE... IF ONLY THE
PAINTING WOULD GROW
OLD WHILE I STAY
YOUNG...

...HOW SAD IT IS... I SHALL
GROW OLD AND HORRIBLE, AND
DEADLY... BUT THIS PICTURE
WILL REMAIN ALWAYS YOUNG... IF
ONLY I WERE THE OTHER WAY...
FOR THAT FOR THAT I WOULD GIVE
EVERYTHING? YES, THERE IS
NOTHING IN THE WHOLE WORLD I WOULD
NOT GIVE! I WOULD GIVE MY SOUL
FOR THAT!...

...IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED THAT FIRST MEETING OF LORD HENRY WOTTON AND YOUNG DORIAN GRAY IN BASIL HALLWARD'S STUDIO THE TWO MEN BECAME CLOSE COMPANIONS, AND THE OLDER MAN SEEMED TO INTRODUCE THE YOUNGER TO THE WICKED OF THE WORLD ...



...IT WAS SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE DORIAN FIRST NOTICED ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE PAINTING... IT WAS ON A NIGHT WHEN HE STINGERED HOME DRUNK WITH WINE ...



...I HAVE MUCH TO THANK MY FRIEND LORD HENRY FOR ...
...HE INTRODUCED ME TO LIFE ...
...LIFE I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT ...
...WOMEN... GOOD WINE...
...GOOD WOMEN...



...WHAT IS THIS? DO I NOTICE A CHANGE IN MY PORTRAIT?... A SMILE IN THE LIPS? IS IT POSSIBLE...

...AS FOR THE PAINTING-- IT WAS KEPT IN THE LIVING-ROOM IN DORIAN'S HOME WHERE IT WAS ADMIRER BY ALL HIS VISITORS, PARTICULARLY HIS FEMALE VISITORS--WHOM DORIAN NOW COURTED BY THE DOZEN...



WRETCHED, GHASTLY THING?... IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION THAT YOU'VE CHANGED...

...STILL... I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT YOU AGAIN... I DON'T WANT TO BE REMINDED OF... OF WHAT KIND OF PERSON I ONCE WAS...

...IT WAS **AGAIN** SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE DORMAN GRAY SET HIS EYES UPON HIS OWN **PORTRAIT**... HE **STUMBLERD** UPON IT WHILE STORING MISCELLANEOUS STUFFS IN THE **ATTIC ROOM**... WHERE HE HAD STORED IT...



...THE **DAMNED** THING HAS **CHANGED**... THE ENTIRE FACE HAS TAKEN ON A LOOK OF **EVIL**... NOW CAN THIS **BE** IT... IS IT POSSIBLE MY **IDLE WISH** HAS COME **TRUE**? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE **EVIL** I DO REGISTER UPON THIS **PAINTING** AND NOT ON MY **FACE**?

...IF THIS IS SO THEN I AM **BLESSED**... I CAN LIVE HOWEVER I **WISH** AND I WILL **NEVER CHANGE**...



...AFTER THAT DAY DORMAN DESCENDED INTO MORE INCREDIBLE WARS THAN BEFORE... HE TOOK TO **ORAM**... HIS REGARD FOR HIS **NAME** WAS **ABANDONED** AND HE WAS **ORAM** IN HIS **DEBAUCHERIES**... HE CARED ABOUT **NO-ONE** AND **NOTHING**... NOTHING SAVE HIS OWN **ADVERTISED**, **ENDLESS PLEASURE**...



...THE **WORLD** IS AT MY **FEET**... HOWEVER **EVIL** I BE I REMAIN **INVINCIBLE**... FOR THE **COUNTENANCE** OF MY **ACTIONS** WILL FALL UPON THE **WRETCHED FACE** IN THIS **PICTURE** AND NOT UPON **ME**...

...BUT... IT MUST STAY HERE IN THIS **ATTIC**... **HIDDEN**... **NO-ONE** MUST EVER SEE IT... **NO-ONE**... NOT EVEN... **ME**...



... HIS REGARD FOR WOMEN DID NOT EXIST... HE TREATED THEM AS IF THEY WERE NOT EVEN HUMAN...



... THERE WAS NOTHING HE WOULD NOT DO TO SERVE HIS OWN PURPOSES... HE DID NOT EVEN BALK AT... AT MURDER...

... IT WAS MANY YEARS TILL DORIAN GRAY AGAIN LOOKED UPON HIS PAINTED ASHES IMAGE... PERHAPS 10 YEARS... IT WAS CURIOSITY THAT MADE HIM OPEN THE LOCKED AND BOLTED ATTIC DOOR... BUT A STRANGE FEAR THAT PREVENTED HIM FROM GLAZING AT THE PICTURE WITHOUT A LONG PAUSE...

... BOO... WHAT HORRORS WILL IT SHOW?... SO MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED... SO MANY CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED... I AM AFRAID TO LOOK...



OH LORD!!!

NEVER AGAIN WILL I LOOK UPON THAT THING...

...**NEVER**...



...THE DEBAUCHERIES OF DORIAN'S LIFE CONTINUED, AND PERHAPS NEVER WOULD HE COME TO AN END UNTIL A CHAIN OF EVENTS BRINGS ON THE EVE OF HIS 38TH BIRTHDAY...



...I AM 38 TOMORROW... THAT IS TERRIBLY HARD TO BELIEVE... I LOOK AS YOUNG AS I DID WHEN I WAS BUT 27 IN BASIL HALLWARD'S STUDIO...

RANNG

...WHO THE DEVIL IS THAT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT... I INVITED NO ONE TO VISIT ME!



...WELL?... WELL ARE YOU STRUCK DUMB OLD MAN? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?...



...I AM BASIL HALLWARD, BUT WHO ARE YOU SIR? YOU ARE THE ABSOLUTE IMAGE OF A MAN I KNEW 35 YEARS AGO... THE MAN I CAME TO VISIT HERE TOMORROW... DORIAN GRAY... ARE YOU HIS SON?... YES - GOOD - THAT IS WHO YOU ARE... DORIAN'S SON...



...NO... I AM DORIAN GRAY... COME IN BASIL... IT IS VERY GOOD TO SEE YOU INDEED.

...WHAT! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T BE DORIAN GRAY... IT'S NOT REMOTELY CONCEIVABLE...

...I DO NOT BELIEVE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE DORIAN GRAY... AT LEAST - YOU ARE NOT THE DORIAN GRAY THAT I KNEW 35 YEARS AGO...



...THAT IS TRUE BASIL... I AM NOT THE SAME... WHEN I PORTRAYED FOR YOU I WAS AN INFANT... AND NOW - WELL, NOW I AM A TERRIBLY OLD MAN!!

...I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAY, AND I CERTAINLY DON'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE DORIAN GRAY...



...HA HA NA AHA HANA... I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU EARLY ENOUGH...

...BASIL... 35 YEARS AGO, YOU PAINTED A MASTERPIECE... WOULD YOU BE ALARMED TO LEARN THAT NOT A MAN ALIVE HAS SEEN YOUR PAINTING IN 35 YEARS.



...NOT ALARMED... ANGERED TO THE POINT OF ABSOLUTE FURY - WHY ON EARTH WHY??



...COME BASIL... LET US LOOK UPON THAT PAINTING NOW THAT HASN'T BEEN VIEWED IN AN ETERNITY...





...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO
MY PAINTING, YOU
MONSTER?



I?... NOTHING...
...IT DID IT BY
ITSELF!

NO! YOU
INSUFFERABLE
BASTARD OUT
OF HELL...
YOU
DID IT!



...WHAT HAVE I DONE?
...THIS THING HAS BEEN MY
CONSCIENCE... I WILL
DESTROY IT AND END
MY MISERY...

...DORIAN HAD SHOWN THE KNIFE...
AS IT HAD KILLED THE PAINTER,
SO IT WOULD KILL THE
PAINTER'S WORK... AND ALL
THAT THAT MEANT... HE WOULD
KILL THE PAST, AND WHEN
THAT WAS DEAD HE WOULD
BE FREE... HE WOULD KILL
THIS MONSTROUS SOUL -
LIFE, AND WITHOUT ITS
HORRIBLE WARNING, HE
WOULD BE AT PEACE...

...HE STABBED THE PICTURE...
AND CRIED IN HORRIBLE
AGONY...

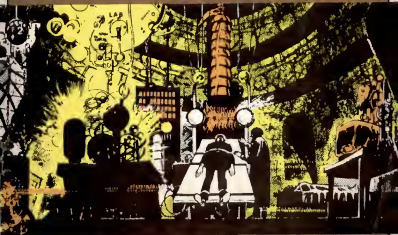


WHEN HIS SERVANTS ENTERED THEY FOUND LEANING UPON
THE WALL, A SLENDER PORTRAIT OF THEIR MASTER AS
THEY HAD LAST SEEN HIM, IN ALL THE WONDER OF HIS
EXQUISITE YOUTH AND BEAUTY LYING ON THE FLOOR
WAS A DEAD MAN, IN EVENING DRESS, WITH A KNIFE IN HIS
HEART! HE WAS WITHERED, WRINKLED AND
LOATHSOME OF VISAGE... IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY HAD
EXAMINED HIS IDENTIFICATION THAT THEY RECOGNIZED
WHO IT WAS.

BECAUSE YOU
DEMANDED IT

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SAGA

THE SAGA OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER RETURNS TO THE PAGES OF THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES — *newer* — better than ever with a COMPLETELY NEW look at the most BIZARRE and CONTROVERSIAL CHARACTER in the HISTORY OF HORROR . . . miss it not, for the sake of your sanity . . . It's by artist CESAR LOPEZ and it's a MAGNIFICENT study of the macabre monster!



- introducing -

TOMB OF HORROR

a HORROR-MOOD illustrated horror magazine to be released in the SPRING-SUMMER of 1974 — the first issue is destined to become a collector's item so WATCH for it.

